

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,  
Every good Seruant do's not all Commands:  
No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you  
Should haue tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer  
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you laued  
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke  
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,  
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue  
To haue them fall no more: you some permit  
To second illes with illes, each elder worse,  
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.  
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,  
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither  
Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight  
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough  
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistis: Peace,  
He giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,  
Heare patiently my purpose. He disrobe me  
Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe  
As do's a Britaine Pezant: so He fight  
Against the part I come with: so He dye  
For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life  
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,  
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of perill.  
My selfe I dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valour in me, then my habits show.  
Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:  
To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,  
The fashion lesse without, and more within.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and the *Romane Army* at one doore:  
and the *Britaine Army* at another: *Leonatus Posthumus*  
following like a poore Souldier. They march oner, and goe  
out. Then enter againe in Skirmish *Iachimo* and *Posthu-*  
*mus*: he vanquisheth and disarmeth *Iachimo*, and then  
leaves him.

*Iac.* The heauineffe and guilt within my bosome,  
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,  
The Princeesse of this Country; and the ayre on't  
Reuengingly enfeeble me, or could this Carle,  
A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'd me  
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne  
As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.  
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before  
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes  
Is, that we scarle are men, and you are Goddesses. Exit.

The Battaille continues, the Britaines fly, *Cymbeline* is  
taken: Then enter to his rescue, *Bellarinus*, *Guiderius*,  
and *Arviragus*.

*Bel.* Stand, stand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,  
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowns vs, but  
The villany of our feares.

*Gui. Arui.* Stand, stand, stand fight.

Enter *Posthumus*, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue  
*Cymbeline*, and Exeunt.

Then enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and *Imogen*.

*Luc.* Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such

As warre were hood-wink'd.

*Iac.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes  
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

## Scena Tertia.

Enter *Posthumus*, and a Britaine Lord.

*Lor.* Canst thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did,

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

*Lor.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,  
But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe  
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,  
And but the backes of Britaines scene; all flying  
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke  
More plentifull, then Toolles to doo't: strooke downe  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd  
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing  
To dye with length'ned shame.

*Lor.* Where was this Lane?

*Post.* Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,  
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour  
(An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,  
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run  
The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,  
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather sayrer  
Then those for preservation eas'd, or shame)  
Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.  
Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men,  
To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,  
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that  
Like beasts, which you shun beafly, and may saue  
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand, These three,  
Three thousand confident, in a ste as many:  
For three performers are the File, when all  
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,  
Accomoderated by the Place; more Charming  
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd  
A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward  
But by example (Oh a signe in Warre,  
Damm'd in the first beginners) gan to looke  
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons  
Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne  
A stop i'th' Chaser; a Retyre: Anon  
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye  
Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues  
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards  
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became  
The life o'th' need: hauing found the backe doore open  
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,  
Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends  
Ore-borne i'th' former waue, ten chad'd by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne  
The mortall bugs o'th' Field.

*Lor.*

*Lord.* This was strange chance:

A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made

Rather to wonder at the things you heare,

Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,

And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:

"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,

"prefer'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane."

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry Sir.

*Post.* Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, He be his Friend:

For if hee'do, as he is made to doo,

I know hee'd quickly flye my friendship too.

You haue put me into Rime.

*Lord.* Farewell, you're angry.

Exit.

*Post.* Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery

To be i'th' Field, and aske what newes of me:

To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours

To haue sau'd their Carcasses? Tooke heele to doo't,

And yet dyed too. I in mine owne woe charm'd

Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,

Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we

That draw his kniues i'th' War. Well I will finde him:

For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,

No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Heere made by'th' Romane; great the Answer be

Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,

On eyther side I come to spend my breath;

Which neyther heere Hee keepe, nor beare agen,

But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great *Iupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,

'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.

2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gaue th' Affront with them.

1 So 'tis reported:

But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

*Post.* A Roman,

Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,

A legge of Rome shall not retaine to tell

What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice

As if he were of note: bring him to'th' King.

Enter *Cymbeline*, *Bellarinus*, *Guiderius*, *Arviragus*, *Pisanio*, and

*Romane Captiues*. The Captaines present *Posthumus* to

*Cymbeline*, who deliuer's him ouer to a Gaoler.

## Scena Quarta.

Enter *Posthumus*, and Gaoler.

*Gao.* You shall not now be stolne,

You haue lockes vpon you:

So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2 *Gao.* I, or a stomacke.

*Post.* Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way

(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better

Then one that's sicke o'th' Gowt, since he had rather